

# LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS

**A NEW WEEKLY**  
**10¢**

SEYMOUR STERN TAKES ON JOHN FLES ...  
JOHN WILCOCK TAKES ON EUROPE ...  
ZENGER TAKES ON L.A. NEWSPAPERS ...  
LAWRENCE LIPTON TAKES OFF ...  
REVIEWS OF BRECHT, BALDWIN, NABOKOV ...  
CALENDAR OF HIP EVENTS ...

Vol. 1, No. 2

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1964

10¢

A CERAMIC SKETCH FROM THE CONNOR EVERTS SHOWING AT THE ZORA ART GALLERY EARLIER THIS MONTH.

THIS EXHIBIT HAS BEEN CITED AS "OBSCENE" BY THE POLICE. THE TRIAL DATE FOR MR. EVERTS HAS BEEN SET FOR SEPT. 21, 1964.

THIS WILL BE AN IMPORTANT TEST CASE, FOR IN THIS TRIAL THE ARTIST, NOT THE EXHIBITOR, IS BEING BROUGHT INTO COURT.



Coming issues of THE FREE PRESS will comment in detail on this censorship case

## WHY WE APPEAR

ARTHUR KUNKIN

I have reserved this space to tell the reader something about this newspaper and why it appears.

The reader, hopefully, will be concerned enough to ask, and has a right to know, if we have any political commitments or affiliations which will influence the way this paper is edited. You will perhaps also want to know why we feel that a new publication is necessary in the Los Angeles area and what we hope to accomplish that is different than other, existing publications.

If in the following we do not answer these questions to your satisfaction, or, if there are other questions relating to this publication which you would like answered, please feel free to write a letter to the editor or, if you are so inclined, even an article.

We naturally can't promise in advance to print every letter or article we receive but when you look at this issue, and particularly at those to follow, you will notice that we are not afraid to print controversial material and let the writer have his say. It is a general rule in this newspaper that if anyone has anything to say on an important community issue and can say it well and with documentation, he or she will have their day in print. That is why we call ourselves the Free Press.

We, of course, don't plan to print material that will land the Publisher and staff in jail for libel. But, short of that area and those restrictions imposed by space in our columns and the need for journalistic balance, we plan to print every provocative, controversial and, yes, even irreverent article our writers and readers submit that is related to the civic

and cultural life of our city.

This last comment brings us to another point. We are fundamentally a community newspaper. We plan to focus on Los Angeles and to a lesser extent, on California affairs. We do not plan to deal with national and international events. In our opinion, there are a number of adequate newspapers and magazines available to our readers for the latter purpose while there are many areas of local life which are inadequately reported.

As everyone knows, the press in Los Angeles has a deserved reputation for being quite conservative in their editorial policies and reportage. The liberals, among whom we class ourselves, usually do not get adequate news coverage about the specific things that concern them. This is the journalistic vacuum that we plan to fill. While we are an open platform, we particularly plan to be the place where liberals can express themselves and discuss their own differences. As a newspaper we feel our particular function is to provide information to link together the various sections of our far flung liberal community in Southern California.

A question then emerges. Is the Free Press free enough to print material disagreeing with liberal organizations? Absolutely. We were confronted with precisely this situation in preparing the issue of The Free Press you are now holding. Our reporter began her story on the Bank of America versus CORE more-or-less convinced that the bank's position was justified. We planned to print

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## BANK OF AMERICA vs. CORE: A DUEL OF ACCUSATIONS

by DORI SCHAFER

One sunny day early last July a blond young man entered the Bank of America at 15th and Wilshire in Santa Monica and asked for the money in his account. The teller refused to give it to him. For the young man was 22-year-old John Tavasti, Chairman of the Action Committee of Bruin CORE.

Outside the bank CORE was picketing. Inside, several of its members were "coining-in." They asked tellers to change dollar bills into pennies, which the demonstrators counted at leisure, while the queue of customers behind them grumbled. Then Tavasti planted himself at the bank's doorway, refusing to move when the police warned him that he was obstructing business. Nine other CORE members joined him and stood arm-in-arm -- a stubborn human blockade. All ten were arrested, as was an eleventh, Bruce Hartford, who allegedly tried to stop the police wagon from moving by crawling beneath it and clutching the axles.

### THE BAY AREA BATTLE

Dramatic as this incident may be, it seems pale compared to the action in San Francisco where CORE has been battling the bank for months, its picket lines drawing hundreds of demonstrators and about as many spectators. The bank's headquarters are there, and so is CORE's Bank of America Negotiating Committee, headed by Bill Bradley, Chairman of San Francisco CORE.

### FRIENDLY BEGINNINGS

The first meeting between B of A and CORE was described by Bradley as the friendliest he had ever seen and he has seen many, for CORE has quietly reached agreement with about 400 businesses in the Bay area. But after a few meetings, Bradley stalked out of the negotiations in disgust, and San Francisco became the noisiest battlefield in the state-wide struggle with the bank. On Friday afternoons, anyone within a five block radius of the Powell and Mason Street branch of the Bank of America can hear the ear-splitting chant, "Jim Crow Must Go," blared by hundreds in the form of a leader-response spiritual.

These shouts for freedom now probably puzzle the on-lookers. Informed only by the Bank of America, they believe that the bank does not discriminate. They know nothing of the facts the bank and the press have chosen to ignore, such as four test cases sent to the bank as job applicants by various CORE chapters in the Bay area. Seeing the apparent absurdity of the demonstrations, those spectators sympathetic to civil rights but personally distant from the movement can not but wonder: What's with CORE?

That's what I myself was wondering up until a few weeks ago. Since I was in San Francisco at the time, I started with the account in the San Francisco Chronicle.

### OPEN LETTER

One highlight of this account was an open letter from the Bank of America to Carmen Warshaw, Chairman of the Fair Employment Practices Commission. It was dated March 12, a few days after the first negotiations between the Bank and San Francisco CORE, and published on March 17.

In this letter to the FEPC, the bank said that it deplored discrimination, calling it a

blight which had too long scarred our land. Then the bank told how it planned to do its bit to eradicate this blight, how the bank would try in every way it could to find qualified Negro employees. It could not, of course, hire applicants who failed to qualify. The letter sounded quite militant.

After reading this, and the rest of the Chronicle's account of the dispute, running from March through June, I could not help sympathizing with the bank. Here, it seemed, was the bank being bullied by CORE, not because of discrimination but because CORE wanted glory for itself, demonstration for the sake of demonstration.

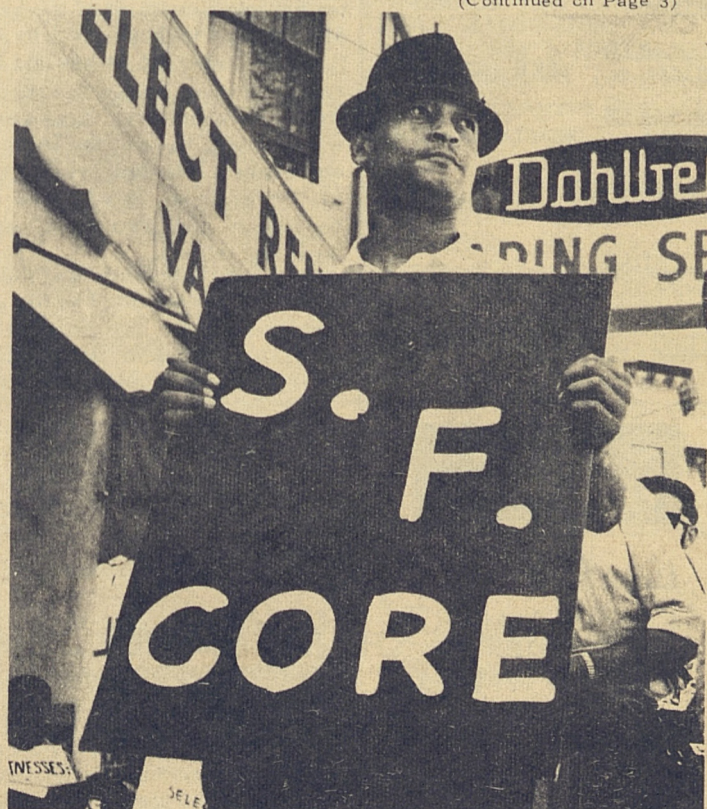
My sympathies, however, did a complete and sudden flip-flop. New discoveries changed everything.

### CHRONICLE: BEFORE & AFTER

Looking at back issues of the Chronicle, it seems all CORE's adversaries deny discrimination.

Up until mid-March, the Chronicle's account of San Francisco's freedom movement was a carefully balanced presentation of allegation matched by counter-allegation. Then, after CORE confronted the bank in mid-March, the Chronicle's style

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CORE DEMONSTRATER MARCHES IN FRONT OF THE BANK OF AMERICA'S SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE. HE AND OTHER CORE MEMBERS ARE PROTESTING THE FACT THAT, DESPITE THE BANK'S CLAIMS TO THE CONTRARY, ONLY 2.5% OF THE BANK EMPLOYEES ARE NEGROES.





This column goes into orbit on the semi-centennial date of Ambrose Bierce's death in Mexico. As such it can be said to take off where Bierce ended. Ended is the only word that comes to mind. It is sufficiently vague to apply to what was not strictly, or provably, a death. It was a disappearance. All we know of Bierce's end is that he went to Mexico in 1913 and, in 1914, was "officially" presumed dead after a silence of one year. What makes his end doubly significant for our own time is that Bierce could have met with the same end today *without* going to Mexico. He could have disappeared just as mysteriously and with equally deadly finality in the sovereign state of Mississippi, U.S.A.

To those Angelenos who still wait breathlessly for the New York Times Book Review to tell them what to read and what to think about it, it may be necessary to explain that Ambrose Bierce was (with Stephen Crane) one of the first American writers of the Realistic school. His newspaper column, The Wasp, appeared first in the Argonaut (1880-86) and later in Hearst's Sunday Examiner (1887-96), both in San Francisco. For his prose works see your nearest library, for his life story see Carey McWilliams' biography of Bierce (1929). In this column I propose to revive something of the satiric spirit of Bierce's column The Wasp, drawing on it from time to time for quotations which seem to me pertinent to our own times.

Some of Bierce's aphorisms will need no revision to bring them up-to-date, as where he defines "MACE, n. A staff of office signifying authority. Its form, that of a heavy club, indicates its original purpose and use in dissuading

from dissent." Unless you would suggest substituting cattle-prod for mace. Or, "RADICALISM, n. The conservatism of tomorrow injected into the affairs of today." A collection of such definitions may be had for a dollar at your bookstore under the title *The Devil's Dictionary*, or by writing to The Peter Pauper Press, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

As all my readers will know at once without being told, the wasp is an insect of the order of Hymenoptera, meaning membrane-winged, from hymen, a membrane that is not as winged as it once was but still a strifle flighty. The wasp is celebrated for his piercing sting and there are several families of wasps, among them the yellow jackets or hit-and-run wasps, the hornets, which hunt in swarms and the paper wasp which produce a coarse paper material by masticating wood fiber. It is to the paper wasp that the author of this column is most closely related.

The sting of wasps is found only in females and workers. Since the females are the "queens" of wasp society I prefer to be thought of as one of the workers. The drones, the third caste, have no sting, as might be expected. The white-faced hornet, of the family Wallaceana, frequents the goldwatering places and is described as a black insect with white markings on the body and face but prefers to be called a white-faced hornet for racial reasons. It is not to be confused with the paper wasp whose sting is intended to wake up and enliven its victims whereas the white-faced hornet's sting is poisonous and is designed to kill.

There are a number of antidotes for the poison of the white-faced hornet, notably CORE, but an ancient and still justly cele-

brated one goes by the old-fashioned name of INTELLIGENCE. The most pestilential breeding place of the white-faced hornet is the southern United States but any swampy area, north or south, provides proper environment for the infestation. Warnings are out that the year 1964 will see a record swarming of this poisonous insect and readers are cautioned to take preventive measures. Copies of a paper product now appearing on the market under the trade name of *The Los Angeles Free Press* are recommended. As this product grows it will be even more serviceable against the poisonous sting of the white-faced hornet.

Walter Winchell, who takes time out from television commercials to write a column which is published in the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, reported on June 15 that "UCLA officials were reported prepared for protest demonstrations at a controversial play on a religious theme scheduled to be performed on the campus tonight. The play, 'Grail,' by Carl Thayer, reportedly presents the Virgin Mary as a burlesque stripper" and "the script calls for (the actress) to appear nude but she has overruled the producer..." etc.

There were a number of errors in this story. The playwright's name is not Thayer but Thayer; UCLA officials were not preparing for any demonstrations; *Grail* was not presented as a play but as a play-reading by actors as part of a program of such script readings intended to introduce new, young playwrights. There were no plans to present anyone in the nude and the actress in question was never asked to appear in the nude. The story, which appeared under the caption, PROTESTS SEEN OVER UCLA PLAY, served no good purpose that anyone could imagine. Unless perhaps in the minds of bluenoses and enemies of the arts who are ready to believe anything if it serves to malign the new and creative. I do not know what Winchell's religion is, if any, although he has spoken well of God on occasion, but, unless the Virgin Mary takes a dim view of careless and/or malicious journalism, he now has at least one friend in heaven.

P.S. to Walter Winchell: A good

corrective treatment for such iron poor blood journalism is TRUTH, or, if too late, a published retraction.

To establish from the very first that The Wasp is not opposed to culture, let it be recorded here that a British High Court has upheld a bequest of \$18,000 for the pursuit of proof that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Relatives of the donor had challenged the bequest. In this connection it might be relevant to note that the money being spent this year to stage the plays of the Bard in all parts of the world would be more than sufficient to cast, mount and produce all the new plays written in all languages by the most talented of all the world's new, young playwrights for the next ten years.

That would be one way of giving a seeding chance for writers at the growing edge of the dramatic arts. It may not produce another Shakespeare, but a Shakespeare by any other name might be just as sweet to the cause of art and culture - even if his name is Bacon.

Mexican artist David Alfaro Siqueiros has been released from his prison cell in order to complete some unfinished murals, one of them at the government's Chapultepec Castle museum.

This move opens up some tantalizing ideas for governmental aid to the cause of art and artists, which is a lively topic of discussion today. The Soviet Union whose scientists have been able to bring a dog back to life after it died might try to spring from death's thralldom (a fancy word for murder, suicide and other occupational hazards of the artist) such promising talents as Mayakovsky, Yessenin, Pasternak and the Polish-Jewish poet Feffer who, along with a number of his fellow poets disappeared into Soviet prisons as fatally as Ambrose Bierce disappeared into Mexico.

If this scientific experiment should prove successful, why should it not be possible for Pope Paul VI to pass a miracle and liberate from the literary and scientific graveyard of the Index Librorum Prohibitorum the books if not the bodies of the writers and thinkers who were buried alive at the behest of his predecessors?

**WHY WE APPEAR**  
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the article this way (even though the publisher has long-standing personal relations with the civil rights movement) and then invite CORE to submit for publication a statement of its own side of the story. As it turned out, our reporter became convinced of the validity of the CORE position by the facts that emerged as she did her research. As a public newspaper, free of organizational commitment, we are going to print the shots as our writers call them (regardless of the personal opinions of the publisher) and then invite comment and rebuttal.

In a similar fashion, this publication is not committed to the partisan defence of any political organization, despite the political beliefs or affiliations of any of its

staff members. We will present material, if necessary, "knocking" any political party, whether it be Democratic, Republican or Socialist if we feel that on the local level they are taking stands detrimental to the interests of the community.

Does this mean that this is a newspaper attempting an absolutely faceless, neutral point of view? No. The staff members presently putting this publication into print definitely maintain a liberal point of view against segregation, for civil liberties, and for the use of the tax dollar in a fashion which benefits the citizenry and not the pockets of construction companies. We are definitely committed to the principles inherent in a democratic ordering of society wherein all citizens have the right to meaningfully participate in

community political and social life. As a newspaper of the type we have been describing, we hope to add to Los Angeles life a new dimension of democratic society, a truly free press.

There is one area of commitment we do have which we feel necessitates statement. We believe very strongly that society should avoid attempts to impose arbitrary limitations upon the natural desire of the creative artist to explore in areas beyond the normal conventions of organized society. We believe that to stifle the artist may seem to be a defence of social standards but serves actually to narrow the horizons of civilization.

With this in mind, we have and will in the future come to the defence of the artist in most if not all of the obscenity cases as well as in all other cases where organized society unwisely and unjustly uses its police powers against individuals or groups.

While we have a great interest in the cultural life of the community we want to make it clear, particularly to hopeful contributors, that we are fundamentally a newspaper and not a literary review. As a newspaper we seek in each issue to report and comment on civic events ranging from city planning in its larger aspects to the removal of benches from Pershing Square. Too often the liberal is an expert on foreign policy but not sufficiently involved in the local areas in which he can make immediate progress in the circumstances of his own life.

**Met Press Almost Fair**

BY ZENGER

The Los Angeles metropolitan press -- two newspapers plus an overgrown shopper with delusions of grandeur -- has been, for the most part, fairly accurate and objective in reporting the news.

This statement is not an endorsement of all the news and opinion masquerading as news which appears in those papers, but, once the private likes and dislikes of the publishers are taken into account, what little remains is fair.

**THE TIMES**

The Los Angeles Times, owned and operated by the Chandler family, has taken, on the editorial pages at least, the course of moderation. It backed the losing candidate in the last three elections, and its stand on several issues can not be accepted by many moderates. But, on the whole, its semblance of moderation and objectivity is praiseworthy.

**THE EXAMINER**

However, the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, a Hearst amalgamation, even though it carries features of the late lamented New York Times, is openly biased in favor of --let us be kind -- the conservative camp. Its policy, reflected by the letters appearing on its editorial pages show that the conservatives who write in are much more likely to see print than the occasional liberal letter.

And its columns, ranging from George Todt and Walter Winchell to the less blatant John Chamberlain and the openly anti-Goldwater James Reston, also reflect a political imbalance which gives a "moderate" Republican little solace.

However, it is in the news columns that the disparity is most evident. The Times has taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the departure of the West Coast Edition of the New York Times. It prints documents such as the GOP Platform as well as important speeches in full. The headlines are objective and carry the flavor of the story. (Why is it that headline writers never get the praise they deserve for their difficult task? Try writing the headline of any news story, telling as much as possible in two lines, each line ten or eleven characters long. Difficult, isn't it?)

The Examiner, on the other hand, prints headlines like this: "Like Father, Like Son: Killed." (July 22, 1964). Come now, gentlemen. Surely a moment more of concentration would have produced a less gory, more considerate way of telling that particular story.

In subsequent editions of The Free Press we shall cover the metropolitan press in excruciating detail. Nor shall we neglect the smaller papers, such as the Valley Times, the Citizen-News and the Santa Monica Evening Outlook.

What is your opinion of the Los Angeles Press? Send it to Zenger, care of The Los Angeles Free Press, 8226 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

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# BANK

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suddenly changed, I discovered. I had originally read the account from March on, which made it seem that CORE had gone berserk. Had it? or did the bank's \$3000 full-page ad, which ran in the Chronicle on March 17, have something to do with the newspaper's sudden change of perspective?

This ad was the bank's militant-sounding open letter to the FEPC, telling how the bank intended to fight discrimination with all its might.

Our second discovery was the source of the letter's militant tone. In retrospect, it does seem rather odd that, given the well-known conservatism of American business, the largest financial institution in the world should be so militantly integrationist -- sort of the Martin Luther King of high finance. But the tone of militancy isn't really surprising at all. For the content of the open letter was lifted, almost clause by clause, from the agreement which CORE had signed with hundreds of companies in the Bay area and which CORE was asking the bank to sign. What is significant is not how the bank's letter parallels CORE's demands, but how it differs.

## JUST ONE HITCH

The bank's open letter to FEPC parallels the CORE agreement until, as CORE members would put it, they get to the nitty-gritty. The agreement CORE wanted to have signed began with a list of procedures for seeking qualified Negro employees, procedures such as advertising for help in Negro newspapers, and including "Equal Opportunity Employer" in their ads. These procedures the bank accepts and affirms in its letter to FEPC. CORE's suggestions become the statement of policy central to the bank's open letter.

But CORE's form also included a clause requesting information on resultant changes. It implied, in effect, that all this ardent searching for qualified Negro employees could be expected to produce some observable changes in the racial composition of the bank's staff. This expectation was quite highly qualified: The improvement's reasonability would be judged in the light of factors affecting hiring during the time period in question, factors such as the rate of job turnover, the number of openings and the number of qualified Negro applicants.

This clause the bank rejected. It could not in good faith, it said, agree to hiring any specified number of Negroes because it had great trouble in finding "qualified" Negroes. The bank could not dismiss its obligations to its patrons to provide them with properly qualified help. An observant reader may note that CORE never asked the bank to hire incompetents. CORE asked the bank only to seek out and hire Negroes that were qualified!

The bank's answer seems to be that they will certainly look for qualified Negroes, but they can't guarantee that they'll find any.

In the open letter itself, the bank states: While we will actively seek "qualified Negroes" ... We can not sanction a policy



Hemmed in, pickets started march before the Bank of America.

of "arbitrarily" hiring a certain percentage of any minority group "without regard to qualification". In our experience, they conclude, a large proportion of minority racial applicants have not completed high school, and can't pass simple clerical tests.

These must be quite some simple clerical tests. We later discovered that sometime around June, San Francisco CORE sent the bank a test case. She was "unable to pass their simple clerical test" -- although she had been able to earn a master's degree in mathematics.

So the bank accepts the principles -- most militantly it affirms integration -- as long as those principles need not affect its practices.

## DOUBLETHINK UNLIMITED

"Bank of America and the pickets: What's it about?" This is the title of a full-page ad which summarizes the bank's position in full. In this ad in the May 27 Los Angeles Times you'll find essentially everything the bank has said and also everything you'll read about the dispute in the daily press.

The ad begins: "CORE's dispute with Bank of America has nothing to do with the bank's position as an equal opportunity employer." The three major arguments which follow are: (1) CORE is irresponsibly demonstrating for the sake of demonstrating; (2) the bank does not discriminate; (3) the bank is resisting CORE not to prevent integration, but because (a) CORE's demands are unreasonable, and (b) in making them, CORE has usurped powers which rightfully belong to the government.

Standing naked, the central claim that the dispute has nothing to do with discrimination might seem implausible. It is. But, garbed in doublethink straight out of Orwell's 1984, the package emerges looking quite reasonable. Let's disassemble this convincing package.

## ACTION UBER ALLES?

First, why is CORE demonstrating against the bank? The bank's answer: "CORE is more interested in staging demonstrations than ... in assuring jobs for members of minority groups."

Investigating this possibility by talking to members of San Francisco CORE, I found them stuck like barnacles to the topic of discrimination and injustice. They did mention publicity, and they did admire those going to jail. But the comments were never of the "Boy, did you see my picture in the Sunday Chronicle" sort. San Francisco CORE president, Bill Bradley, works 16 to 17 hours a day. Picketing and going to jail are not a pleasant game; they are part of a solemn fight.

But apart from my personal experience and evaluations, hard facts contradict the bank's claims. CORE has successfully negotiated with several hundred other businesses in the Bay area. In all these cases agreements were reached quietly, with no demonstrations in the streets. Also no publicity.

If CORE is more interested in demonstrations than in desegregation, why does it demonstrate in only a negligible fraction of its conflicts?

## SOME OF OUR BEST FRIENDS

The bank's second claim is that it does not discriminate. Nonetheless, its May 27 ad states that, besides publically proclaiming its putative equal opportunity policy, the bank "has taken a number of steps to increase our employment of minority groups, especially Negroes."

This may well be true. But the step-up in hiring of Negroes is the direct result of CORE's struggle.

This is what a San Francisco FEPC official had to say in a personal conversation about the bank's policy: "You can be sure that whatever they say about their past experience, they're putting the best possible interpretation on it. But they're going to change. They can't back down because there would be terrific public pressure and the bank has shown that it's responsive to public pressure."

"Public pressure,?" I asked.

"Well...CORE." Does the bank discriminate? CORE's spot-checks and test-cases, comprising

six months of pre-negotiatory investigation, convinced CORE that it does. But we need not ask CORE.

The bank's own personnel statistics indict it. On May 27, after two months of a "special effort" to add Negro personnel as promised to the FEPC, the bank publishes the following figures, "As of this week, Bank of America employs 28,553 people in 860 California branches. Minority group employees total 3,670 or 12.85% of our work force, of whom 640 are Negroes."

You have to read this paragraph carefully or else the relevant figures are likely to slither by unnoticed. Overshadowed by an eye-catching 12.85% and two other numbers which have nothing to do with the case at hand (CORE believes that the minority groups referred to include Greeks, Italians, etc.), we must do a little arithmetic to get at the facts. But they are there: only 2.5% of the bank's employees are Negroes.

This is still less than half as many Negroes as would be expected if Negroes were employed proportionate to their numbers in California. And it was only a few weeks ago that the girl with a master's degree in math was "unable to pass the simple clerical test."

During negotiations, bank representatives denied discrimination. (CORE negotiator Orthro Drew reports the following disavowal: we have lots of colored employees. At the last employees' banquet, there were two whole tables full of them...and they were very well behaved.) But the evidence supports the conclusion shared by CORE and the FEPC: the Bank of America discriminates.

## AN ERSATZ ISSUE

Denying discrimination, how does the bank justify its opposition to CORE? It must find a new issue to replace the real one. This will require a stretch of the imagination any way you do it. So suddenly, the bank becomes liberal; it affirms strong, positive government. Enter third argument: righteous indignation at CORE's usurpation of government powers:

"CORE's dispute with Bank of America has nothing to do with the bank's position as an equal opportunity employer ... rather, the point at issue is whether this bank, or and other corporation, should give detailed statistical information about its operations to a pressure group in order that the pressure group may set itself up as a policing agency..."

"Bank of America can not and will not allow itself to be policed by any non-government agency. And CORE--by insisting on permanently policing one of California's major financial institutions--is in effect usurping powers that belong to the government itself."

More accurately, powers which should belong to the government. To "prove" that the bank was objecting to the source of pressure, not to the pressure itself, the bank turned itself over the Fair Employment Practices Commission, offering it some of the information CORE has requested.

The May 27 ad neglects to state that by voluntarily going to FEPC, the bank made itself immune to

what meagre sanctions the commission does possess. When FEPC investigations are undertaken at the request of a particular firm, no enforcement is involved. "In such cases," said the FEPC official I interviewed, "We seek an affirmative assertion."

CORE negotiator Drew claims that at a closed negotiating meeting, the bank admitted that it wanted alliance with FEPC as a buffer against CORE.

## IMMUNE OR NOT

Even without immunity the bank would be subject to slight control by the FEPC. On its individual-by-individual road to integration, the commission generally works by conciliation. In 3 cases of the 3400 the commission has handled, conciliation failed and so did the FEPC: The full commission's decisions against all 3 employers were overruled by superior courts on grounds of inadequate evidence.

In the five years of the commission's operation, neither of its nominally available sanctions -- up to 6 months imprisonment and \$500 fine -- have ever been used.

The FEPC lacks money and staff necessary for follow-up investigations and for consideration of hiring patterns of companies charged with discrimination. Only since a budget increase 6 months ago, has the commission been able to turn from settling the individual complainant's case to considering the overall hiring patterns of the whole company.

"Even now," said the FEPC official, "it would be impossible for the FEPC to keep track of the bank's 860 California branches. Consultants can make recommendations at a particular branch, but they can't handle 30,000 employees."

## REQUESTS REASONABLE

The bank's insincerity in going to the FEPC is demonstrated by the little-publicized fact that the bank refuses to give FEPC all the information CORE requested. The bank's personnel turnover rates are of central importance, but these are classified as "business secrets" which will not be given to FEPC. It's hard to see what's so secret about personnel turnover rates -- unless you think of the Southerner who is all for integration, until you ask him: "When?"

The question "When?" was the unreasonable part of CORE's original demands of the bank. The bank states that "the spirit as well as the letter of CORE's reasonable suggestions have been met." They add:

"We are sure we can depend on the continued support of the citizens of this state in our firm determination not to capitulate to the unreasonable demands of a pressure group for masses of statistical data."



Whatever the appearance of CORE's tactics, its demands seem reasonable. Two-thirds of them come from FEPC suggestions. CORE initially asked the bank to agree to certain procedures for seeking qualified Negro personnel, and to furnish information regarding, among other things, the distribution of employees by race and job category, applicants hired and not hired, and turnover rates. This request for information the Bank of America considers "unreasonable."

(Continued on Page 4)



# Free Association

by MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Two days after the Republicans crowned Senator Goldwater in San Francisco I threw a party for some of my friends. To get them fired up for the campaign ahead, I passed out buttons saying "If I Were Under 21, I Would Not Join the Young Americans for Freedom Club." Actually, what I wanted to do was string this huge banner across the porch saying *Welcome Anti-Facists*. But my neighbor objected. He said this would be another ugly manifestation of extremism.

My neighbor is pretty strange. He says he comes from South America, but he speaks with a German accent. This guy goes around muttering, "He is still alive, he is still alive." And you should see his collection of mustache cups. There's this one that says, "To Eva with love" on it.

All of which brings us to the subject of Governor Brown. Brown has gotten the reputation over the years of being a Democratic Eisenhower, weak, indecisive... Members of his staff say he can't decide which side of the bed to get up on in the morning. Pat is not as weak as he seems. Just careful. The Chessman case is a good example of the way Brown's mind operates. He knew Chessman had to die; so he said to himself, "Since I can't commute his sentence, I'll give the poor guy a few extra months."

Well, on July 17th Brown finally made a decisive statement. He said that "The stench of Fascism is in the air." This caused a lot of talk around the nation. Ten companies want Brown to endorse their room deodorizers; and one even wants him to film a TV commercial. He's seriously considering resigning the governorship to accept this offer. The residuals are better.

What the Big Gov was referring to, of course, was Senator Goldwater's statement that "Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice." This brings to mind a wonderful prison picture I saw recently on TV called the Big Bust Out. There's this character called Benny, the

Rat. Benny's serving a fifty year stretch on 25 counts of armed robbery and one count of eating a cheeseburger without paying for it. He is assigned to duty in the kitchen as an ice cream scooper. In his off moments Benny carves a knife out of a block of ice and hides it at the bottom of a gallon of banana nut ice cream. Finally Benny's big chance to escape arrives. "Screw, Screw," he says, "come over and look at this here banana nut ice cream. There's a nut missing." The guard rushes over to gaze at the ice cream carton. As he does, Benny grabs his knife and stabs the guard. He takes a gun off the body and shoots his way out of prison. Now according to Senator Goldwater's use of "extremism," Benny, the Rat, was full of virtue, because he was fighting for his liberty.

Remember the banner above the speaker's rostrum, the one with the profile of Lincoln and the words FOR THE PEOPLE written on it? I think it should have said FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS. The word "people" has too much a communistic ring to it.

Just before the platform fight General Eisenhower had some things to say about teen aged gangs with knives. Rumor has it that the Goldwater forces imported some of these elements direct from New York's Central Park, dressed them up in suits and put them in the gallery during the Rockefeller speech.

Some of the members of the convention wanted to amend the platform in respect to control of nuclear weapons. It was defeated. Hints are now circulating that if Goldwater is elected, he will reactivate General Walker, send him to South Viet Nam, give him tactical nuclear weapons and say, "OK Ed baby, use your own judgment."

This should frighten me, but it doesn't. What scares me is that Senator Goldwater has an intellect on a par with the average voter. And who the hell wants an average voter running the country?

against the wall, it chose the less powerful adversary. It plans to withhold crucial information even from the FEPC, which lacks the power to do anything about the refusal. Then the bank accuses CORE of usurping powers the government does not, in fact, have.

CORE is fighting so that the government may get the strength it needs to fight discrimination. Says the second vice-chairman of Bruin CORE, Marlene Dixon: "CORE is now doing the policing we feel the state should be doing. But the governmental agencies lack the funds and the power to do it. One of the reasons we're so committed to the Bank of America project is that we're hoping that one of the by-products will be the strengthening of the FEPC."

The bank has tried to suggest that CORE and FEPC are mutually exclusive. But they are not. Why then did Carmen Warshaw, Chairman of California FEPC, ask CORE to stop demonstrating during negotiations? I put the question to the FEPC information official, who answered, "You wonder why she did that? Well, a lot of people do. Her statement was that it would ease negotiations with the bank, that it would be a sign of good faith."

"Do you think CORE would be as effective a pressure if they limited themselves to, say, picketing only?"

"No," said the FEPC representative, "I think CORE does a very good job. They know what they're doing."

# AGREEMENT ON THE WIND

EDWARD TRUMAN

I never thought I'd see the day when Governor Brown and the Los Angeles City Council saw eye-to-eye. Or the day the San Francisco Jr. Chamber of Commerce got chummy with the So. Calif. Board of Rabbis. Or the Episcopal Diocese of Los Angeles cuddling up to the American Friends Service Committee.

But the day has come — they have. In opposition to Proposition 14!

Some families in our block got a bumper sticker "No on 14" in the mail this week. Of course, I'll use it, but can't decide — shall it be on the front bumper where all approaching drivers and malable passengers can see it, or on the rear where possible proponents of the initiative can engage me in a fist-raising epithet or two as they pass or can nicely bump me in a hastily-conceived rear-end collision?

You see, even on the highway, already we have been living in fear when it comes to Rumford, an "FEPC" for housing, and yes-or-no on 14. Ah well, discrimination tensions were always with us (perhaps more so in California); remember — the Nisei before the war, Mexican-Americans after, "Point of Order" and Tenny too?

Southern California and particularly San Diego, Orange and L.A. counties contain the abundance of this state's excess (and at times politically excessive) population. We surprised both Republican and Democrats — not to mention the nation and most of all, ourselves — when we cast the decisive votes that changed Salinger's fate to victory and, curiously, sustained Goldwater in spite of our northern brothers' attachments to Rockefeller.

So we better see ourselves as others do — the small geographic hot spot that has such highly committed potential energies that we swing elections. We tip the balances before conventions. The polls tell us what we think before we even vote, and then the state follows.

Therefore, a word of warning. Can a committed potential bring surprise success to #14? It surely can. And proponents feel that they had their case 50% won during the collection of signatures, 60% won now that 14 is on the ballot, and 70% won with the promotion that the realtors' (CREA) lobby can muster in the next three months.

So, you who wanted to give the Rumford act a fair trial, who wanted to quit your consciences

of the drag of housing segregation, you have now to get ready and now to go-go-go. Or, come November, will there be another of those inconvenient little shocks that let liberals know California has handed us one more set-back?

In Proposition 14, the morality of our voting power is being put to the test. It is a test we must welcome and win.

We talked with a couple of real estate men, one a CREA 'realtor,' the other not a member, each making his own kind of history, however slowly, with 'minority' clients.



Realtor: "Well, our co-operating brokers are committed to support initiative for proposition 14 and some of our money has gone into it, but when it comes to the client himself, we make a compromise."

"How's that?"  
R: "A Negro is looking for a place and he comes in. Now, the folks in the office know I'm pretty good at these things..."

"How do you mean?"  
R: "I've handled them before." (pause) "I mean I know which houses to show."

"He chooses to talk only to you?"  
R: "Well, the other salespeople just don't look up at him at all and he comes to me — or else, if I'm not in, he's asked to come back later."

"Then, except for you, the office shies away from the Negro buyer?"

R: "No, we'd like to sell him a house but I'm afraid the neighbors wouldn't like it — and when THEY offer their house for sale, they'd not come to me to list it. You see, we make a commission off the seller, not the buyer. But I suppose someone in the office has to take on the Negro buyer."  
"How about the Oriental or the

Mexican-American?"  
R: "They're not so hard to handle."

Turning briefly to real estate man #2, his approach has mellowed. He has already sold a Negro a home, maybe more than one Negro. This man comes back to buy a second, better, house.

R: "So I showed him a house in the same block. He didn't seem to like it. I showed him one I happen to know is next to another Negro. He knew it too and smiled at me as if I was the one man interested in starting another ghetto. I want to buy a house from you, a good house, in a good neighborhood. Can I?"

"He put it right up to you."  
R: "It made me made to think he had seen through a sort of screen I had up for Negroes. It made me mad enough to say to myself 'I'll sell this guy something I don't care where! Took him over to one of the better ones, he simply said, "That's my house."  
"You feel it was just another sale?"

R: "Maybe I got conditioned somehow in advance, but this was the client who made me forget the 'gentlemen's agreement' many brokers have concerning minority buyers; from now on, at least, I think our office will 'handle' them as just another sale. If so, that's going to be a lot of worry off my shoulders."

So much for the editorial comments of these two men. Do you think they are 'coming around'? Becoming able to see CREA's coin has another side? Maybe so.

So many editorial voices are 'coming around' — conservative San Diego county's "El Cajon Valley News" can echo the "Frisco Chronicle" now; so can the Whittier "Daily News," the Fresno "Bee." We're not fighting against Prop. 14 alone anymore.

Isn't it wonderful to find agreement on the wind? And those bumper stickers: I'm pasting them front and rear!

# BANK

(Continued from Page 3)

CORE now demands that the bank hire between 300 and 800 Negroes in the next month, provided that: (1) that many qualified Negroes apply and (2) the bank's turnover creates, as estimated, 1000 new jobs a month. Three to eight hundred! A large demand? Not if you consider the size of the bank's staff. CORE regional secretary Chet Duncan says Bank of America is the third largest employer in the state of California, surpassed only by the state itself and the University of California. According to its own published figures, the bank employs 28,553 people in its 860 branches. There are, thus, 8,000 more people working for the Bank of America than living in Mobile, Alabama.

Is it unreasonable to estimate — as CORE does — that the bank loses 3.5 per cent of its personnel a month? If it does, if there are indeed 1,000 job openings each month — and if enough qualified Negroes apply — is it unreasonable to ask the bank to integrate, as it keeps saying it will? Minimally, CORE is asking that one qualified Negro be added in one out of three branches of the bank. The fulfillment of CORE's maximal demand — 800 — would not amount to one Negro in each branch. What's so unreasonable about that? It has been four months now.

It seems, then, that the bank does not want to integrate. Backed

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SAN DIEGO SCENE

# The Fair

By Ken Eisler

Even if you don't dig milking contests, bagpipe bands or dog obedience exhibitions, there's still good fun to be had at a county fair.

But steer clear of groups of adults with respectful faces.

If you have to follow somebody around, pick one of those breezy disrespectful teenage couples who stroll cheerfully hand-in-hand around the fairgrounds. There's a fair chance they'll lead you to some attraction that partakes of the good old-time carny spirit. Line up behind that group of earnest adults over there and you're dead.

First line of respectful-looking adults I saw at the 75th annual San Diego County Fair (June 26 to July 5, 1964) led into a large trailer parked on a sidestreet off the midway, next to the zebra ride. On the side of the trailer, in big blue and red circus letters, it said: "LORD'S LAST SUPPER." Inside was a waxworks reproduction of the Last Supper tableau. A phonograph played Perry Como singing "Ave Maria" and a female vocalist singing "It Is No Secret/What God Can Do." The adults filed in and through without much change of expression, paying the required 25-cent donation on their way out. "YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF AND TO YOUR FAMILY TO SEE THIS," it said on the outside of the trailer.

Ran into another group of dutiful adults, fulfilling their obligations to science and education by filing through a hall where kids' entries in the annual Science Fair were displayed. Some very recondite experiments. Not many kids, though. Discovered clump of kids later, standing in front of a platform where two teenage boys seemed to be arguing question of whether helium, when inhaled, could alter degree of tension in vocal chords. One of the boys produced a balloon, blew it up, tied the end with a rubber band, turned to the other boy and said something unintelligible in a ridiculous, cracked falsetto. Both boys broke up, and the crowd dispersed; end of experiment. Kids in the crowd moved off looking satisfied, unlike puzzled adults eyeing Science Fair exhibits down the way.

More respectful adults discovered in building near the race track (the county fair is held on the Del Mar Race Track grounds): they are touring the 15th Southwest and Sixth Nature International Exhibition of Photography presented by the Southern California Association of Camera Clubs. Portraits ("Pensive")...dunes ("Sweep Winds Sweep")...textures...patterns... snow scenes... sunsets; textiles; genre scenes; cats; old men; children, children, children. Section devoted to prints by high school photography students just as academic and my heart sinks. I stare at youngster's pattern photograph of the outdoor corridor of Greenwood High School. Meanwhile, husky kids in khakis and sneakers enters salon, sweeps through installation glancing at pattern shots and genre scenes, pauses a moment before suavely S-curved print of surfer, shakes his head and exits. As he rejoins companion at door to exhibition, I hear him mutter, "Oh, this is horseshit" and my heart lifts.

I find John Birch society booth, listen to taped welcome by Robert Welch. Small projection room inside booth, dozen or so adults sitting respectfully watching film on goddess communism.

Greatest concentration of young people, meanwhile, standing around platform on midway where Harry Flax, veteran pitchman, sells and

# NABOKOV on PUSHKIN

by LEONARD BROWN

EUGENE ONEGIN, BY Aleksandr Pushkin, trans. from the Russian, with a commentary by Vladimir Nabokov; Bollingen Series, Pantheon Books, 1964; four volumes slip-cased; \$18.50.

In the presence of a remarkable sum of effort such as this translation of a masterpiece by an unconventional master of prose, the reader may feel impelled to browse--an impulse which is encouraged rather than inhibited by Vladimir Nabokov's scholarship and artistry. But that is the pleasure of reading, and the duties of reviewing are somewhat more solemn and restrictive...

"Eugene Onegin", Aleksandr Pushkin's major work, was first published serially between 1825 and 1832. A novel in verse, it holds a position in Russian literature which has been compared with some ambiguity to that of Shakespeare's work in English. "Pushkin's language, undulating and flashing through verse melodies the likes of which had never been known before in Russia", in Nabokov's words, became the root of literary Russian. Pushkin is quoted, as Shakespeare is quoted, unconsciously and commonly, which broadens and substantiates the comparison. And just as fundamentally, Pushkin stands at the road's turning of a grand and open literary tradition, an inspiration and touchstone for future generations of Russian writers.

Yet while we are well acquainted with Pushkin's heirs, we know Pushkin himself scarcely at all, and this

demonstrates his "humantone" - a kind of kazoo - with magnificent vulgarity. Flax puts Louis Armstrong's "Hello Dolly!" on turntable and hums along with the kazoo in his mouth, simultaneously manipulating a plumber's plunger as if it were a trumpet. Baggy pants, bleary eyes, scatological jokes, obscene gestures and noises, Bronx cheers, raspberries -



the authentic figure of oldtime burlesque.

Flax, holding forth for hours at a time with unflinching wit and good humor, is a connoisseur's comic. There are always plenty of adults standing around transfixed by his spell, true: but they tend to look a little uneasy in between convulsions of laughter.

Adults, after all, have to be more concerned with standards of good taste than kids.

is not easy to explain. Even though a knowledge of Russian has been an exotic academic luxury until recently, most of the Russian classics have been available in translation. The exception has been "Eugene Onegin" which appeared in English in 1881, then was out of print until 1937, the anniversary of Pushkin's death, when several verse translations were published. That latest year, 1937, was hardly auspicious for a romantic revival. Tastes inclined toward Gorki. Thus "Eugene Onegin" long established in France and Germany, continued to have the distant identity of an unclimbed peak for all save the most intrepid of



English readers. As a final thought on this estrangement, I suspect that the reader in English is a prose reader by preference, and hence by habit. It now remains to be seen whether Nabokov has found the right moment to overcome this predilection, for certainly he brings an abundance of trade goods to barter with, not one, but several books--and not one, but two strong literary personalities.

The first volume of Nabokov's four contains the text of the translation itself, and a substantial assortment of front matter which should be read as it is arranged (although, as I observed, one is tempted to flit ahead and return to this on the way out.) Nabokov begins with a cranky foreword, his cane swinging at translators who use techniques other than the literal ("Only this is true translation.") and at reviewers ("... the hack who has never read the original, and does not know its language, praises an imitation as readable...") Pushkin spent eight years and five months composing the eight cantos of "Eugene Onegin." Nabokov began his work on this present edition in 1950. Granted that both worked intermittently over those years, both must have felt "Eugene Onegin" as a dominant presence in their lives. Yielding up so long an effort, hitherto a private companion, is an anxious act over which who wouldn't bustle and scold a little.

Nabokov regards abandonment of Pushkin's complex rhyme scheme, so easy in Russian owing to case and gender suffixes, as unavoidable if one is to retain the poetic meanings. He says sadly, "...the poem loses its bloom..." He saved the iambic meter, but even here he made occasional compromises. "To my ideal of literalism I sacrificed everything...that the dainty mimic prizes higher than truth." The only comfort he will allow himself is in having furnished what he calls variously a "pony" and a "crib" to introduce "Eugene Onegin" to those who are now unable to read it in its original, with the hope that they will be enticed into learning Russian that they might enjoy it as

# Private Life of the Master Race

More than other playwrights, Brecht is to be performed, not read. This was vividly demonstrated at the Westside Jewish Community Center this week when the late German playwright's "The Private Life of the Master Race" was given its West Coast premiere.

Director Olaf Marneus and Producer Bill Miller are to

it was written.

He follows his foreword with some notes and an introduction which explores and analyzes the text of the novel, discusses its characteristic 14-line stanza, the edition from which the translation was made (reproduced as Volume IV), Pushkin's literary and philosophical digressions (or "authorial participation" as Nabokov would have it), and the customs and conventions which provides accents and contrasts to the narrative. Nabokov's analysis of the structure of "Eugene Onegin" has a textural resemblance to an operatic synopsis, partly because it is written in present tense and conveys movement and immediacy. Thus it serves to prepare one for the curtain to rise--but not yet. There is still more front matter.

Next there is a "genesis" of the novel, a brief resume of its writing. And the section which follows this is fascinating, however restive the reader may have become, for in it Nabokov quotes Pushkin's remarks in letters to his friends about his new work in progress. The examples of Byron's "Don Juan", the weight of Russian censorship, his appraisal of "Eugene Onegin" as his "best work," and his growing ambitions for its publication--these and other matters whet his novel. Two more brief chunks of information--the publishing history of "Eugene Onegin" and an account of the autograph manuscripts--and the story begins.

"Eugene Onegin" tells of the unrequited love Tatiana, a girl of a country family, bears toward young Eugene, who has left the city, bored with society only to find himself bored in the country. Eugene rebuffs Tatiana, and later kills her sister's fiance in a duel. By the time Eugene is wise enough to see Tatiana as his ideal of womanhood, she is married and determined to remain an honorable wife. The moment of beauty that illuminate this basic story, its motifs and excursions into the dream world of Tatiana and the hallucinatory lapse of its hero are not veiled here as they are by the artifices of the determined rhymetranslator--which vindicates Nabokov's method.

The translation is a classic--an extraordinary collaboration of poet Nabokov with poet Pushkin. I will accept Nabokov's statement that "Eugene Onegin" is more of everything in Pushkin's language but I will settle for this much, which is far more than I have had before.

Volumes II and III provide a line-by-line commentary on sources, allusions, events--indeed, on all that might be needed to make "Eugene Onegin" "...exist in the readers mind." Volume IV has an index.

be vastly congratulated for staging a difficult play in an absolutely impossible auditorium. The architects must have stayed up nights in order to create a room in which one can neither see nor hear.

Brecht was unalterably opposed to theatre as an experience of emotional identification and catharsis. The audience should not identify emotionally with the actor but should perceive the play rather as one would watch a ball game--attentive, appreciative, sometimes enthusiastic--but also critical, thoughtful.

The actor too should never lose himself so much in his part that he or the audience forgets that it is acting. To this end, Brecht uses many devices--each actor is required to play several parts, which prevents his identification with any one character; he changes his costume in full view of the audience; occasionally he is required to play two characters simultaneously--sometimes of opposite sexes.

It is probably that Brecht's wishes are never completely fulfilled, especially in the United States, so geared are audiences to theatre as emotional escape and cultural consumption.



Brecht is one of the few playwrights of this century thus far to be able to indicate the full sweep of public events and their effect on private lives. He uses placards, narration, motion pictures, slides and actors in a manner which can only be called symphonic. Thus the entire 1933-38 era is presented with an immediacy seldom experienced in the theatre.

"The Private Life of the Master Race", which shouts a vast "NO" to Hitler's Germany, is as living now as it was over twenty years ago. It certainly lived for the audience at Westside; they were almost beyond feeling sorry for the Jewish wife who must flee her Aryan husband, or the parents who lived in terror of their Hitler Youth son, or the butcher who hangs himself in his shop window after affixing to himself the sign "I voted for Hitler."

"Ahhh," grunted one white-haired man in the lobby during intermission. "The rich Jews thought they could buy their way out, but when the cards were down, into the oven they went. I know." A woman jounced out puffily, tears streaming down her cheeks, announcing loudly, "Well, they can watch that kind of stuff if they want to, I don't want anymore of that."

Brecht conceived of theatre as message, and one way or another, the message was received.

Joanne Forman

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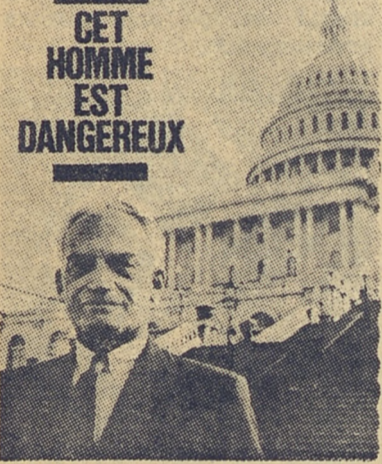
Paris: June 19

After the excitement of the past winter in the New York galleries, the formal art scene in Europe seems to have been pretty tame. European dealers, traditionally more reserved, just don't seem ready for the high jinks, the nude films, the free-flowing champagne, the jazz combos, that are getting to be the accepted norm back home.

In Copenhagen, for example, the group show by 10 American Negro painters working in Europe was opened by Denmark's (female) minister of religion, and although many of the paintings were of a high quality and the site was a cheerful, spacious gallery, no attempt was made to do anything more than hang the pictures and send out a few invitations: no booze, no music, no social intercourse, not even a party at which artists and public might meet. "That sort of thing isn't done here," said one of the show's organizers, ignoring the fact that he might have been the first to do it.

In Paris, too, with the exception of a couple of shows that have major historical interest (the one on Surrealism and its influence, for example, at the Galerie Charpentier), what action there is has been taking place outside the galleries. The aggressive young Jean-Jacques Lebel organized a week-long series of happenings and semi-impromptu "events" at the American Center for Students and Artists, the high spot of which was an elaborate put-down of Barry Goldwater (a popular figure of fun in Paris at present—see cut).

This particular fantasy (by Ferro) took place in a darkened room in which a spotlight played on a metal penis and a toilet bowl into which it was supposedly urinating. Transparent tubes leading from the bowl were being sucked by four alleged voters who made various references to liking gold water.



The happening, like a similar event that J-J L organized in London and which was closed by the police, caused numerous protests, and the bearded rebel's progress around Paris is always being interrupted these days by people who want to express their approval or disapproval. One such encounter, on the night of my arrival, which involved a critic whose remarks Jean-Jacques had taken exception to, ended up with angry words followed by a free-for-all on the sidewalk, arms and legs flying, obscenities filling the air, and a blase group of passers-by who seemed to regard it as all too familiar for their attention. As for myself, I was standing by holding J-J L's coat and wristwatch, exchanging helpless shrugs with the critic's companion, who also seemed to have seen this kind of thing many times before.

Jean-Jacques' major dream is to establish a happenings workshop, for experimental work in the arts generally, in which artists, writers, poets, thinkers from all over the world can try out their theories. This kind of creativity—outside the commercialized mainstream of art—follows a long precedent in this country, where, as Man Ray recently remarked, the Dadaists "despised museums and were complete iconoclasts, so I abandoned my gallery-going."

Man Ray, making his remarks at a recent forum in Paris on the subject of "Then and Now"—other panelists included James Jones and Virgil Thomson—summed up pretty well with the comment:

"It isn't a question of whether what is being done now is better. Art is not progress; it is science that is concerned with progress. We're not trying to do something better than Old Masters or the generation before us; we can only do something different. And if there is any justification, that is our justification."

The quotes, incidentally, are from a report of the forum by the tabloid Paris Gazette, a new weekly paper of the arts which is already beginning to do for English-speaking European hippies what The Voice has done in the States. Editor and publisher of the Paris Gazette (25 cents from 7 rue Cadet, Paris 9) is Donna Hamilton Fifield, an alert, multilingual ex-Californian who has invested her own money and about 16 hours per day of her time to produce an interesting melange of features, columns, news of jazz and the other arts, cheap restaurant listings, fascinating ads ("Discreet embalmer wanted, urgent"), useful services ("Call TRI 40-30 to have errands run for you by motorized young men who'll pick up whatever you have forgotten or are too busy to get for yourself"), and short contributions by name writers who like to turn out informal pieces on the side.

Like all the other publications that struggle for English-speaking readers in Paris, they employ a group of American students who peddle the paper outside most of the cafes where tourists gather. There's a good movie to be made, someday, about the day-to-day life of American newsboys and newsgirls here: the boys get propositioned by female tourists, the girls receive innumerable offers from males of every nationality, and a bunch of them live together, in glorious informality, aboard a leaky barge in the River Seine, moored to the wharf near the Bridge of Invalides.

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**EVENING OF THE ABSURD**

**AT UCLA**

A cast equal to the tongue-in-cheek spirit and humor of Eugene Ionesco has been assembled by Director Joseph Sargent for the forthcoming University Extension Theatre Group production of An Evening of the Absurd, opening July 31 and running thru August 23 in Schoenberg Auditorium at UCLA.

Interpreting the absurdities of Ionesco's "The Bald Soprano", "The Chairs", and excerpts from his other works is a cast including: (alphabetically) Jeanne Arnold, Roger C. Carmel, Mary Carver, Bernard Fox, Ann Morgan Guilbert, John Harding, Bobo Lewis, Gavin MacLeod, and Stuart Margolin.

Archie Sharpe, who created the impressive sets for the Theatre Group production of "Sea Gull" last season has been signed as both set and lighting designer for the Ionesco presentation.

Sharpe served last season as assistant art director for all of the Danny Kaye and Andy Williams TV shows.

The entire cast has rehearsed the production in a deserted supermarket in Westwood Village, lending a bizarre and fitting atmosphere in which to catch the mood of Ionesco's absurdities. Thus, the recent trend

of converting deserted theatres into supermarkets and bowling alleys is reversed by this practice period. However, all actual performances of production will be staged in the comfort of Schoenberg Auditorium on the UCLA campus.

An 8:30 P.M. curtain has been set for evening performances, except Sundays when a 7:30 P.M. curtain has been scheduled. No Monday performances will prevail during the run.

Ticket information for the production is available at the University Concert Ticket Office, 10851 Le Conte Ave. in Westwood (478-9711 or 272-8911, extension 3379).

**THE AMEN CORNER**

by LOUISE MERRIWETHER

The audience is subtly invaded from the moment the curtainless play begins. This invasion grows in intensity, becoming less subtle as the characters peel off layer after layer of protective covering to finally expose their pitiful nakedness. The audience is dragged along to this precipice and they too are unclothed.

The play which packs this tremendous wallop is James Baldwin's *The Amen Corner* currently playing at the Coronet Theatre. It is superb drama, theatre at its best, skillfully executed by an all-Negro cast headed by Bea Richards.

Miss Richards, a New York import, is a small-boned, dark-skinned woman who is only five feet four inches in height. But on stage, she literally dwarfs everyone else with her mastery as Sister Margaret, a minister who has locked her femininity up in a closet in order to protect herself from the agonies of life.

Bob DeCoy, as Sister Margaret's dying husband, Luke, also turns in a fine performance. Jazzman Luke appears at Margaret's church after a ten-year absence, determined that their son, David, shall have a chance to live his own life, and not the sheltered one his mother has picked out for him as the church pianist.

The church elders, declaring that since Margaret's husband is "upstairs dying in his sins" and her son is "fornicating in the wilderness" that she is no longer a shining example to lead them into heaven. They set about to snatch the church from her.

Beneath the surface of the play is the Negro's search for his own identity, and man's universal and desperate need for love. In a ten-

der scene between father and son, Luke tells David:

"A man can lose a whole lot, might look to everybody else that he done lost so much that he ought to want to be dead, but he can keep on—he can even die with his head up, hell, as long as he got that one thing. That one thing is him, who he is inside. And son, I don't believe no man ever got to that without somebody loved him. Somebody looked at him, looked way down in him and spied him way down there and showed him to himself..."

Young John Perrow is excellent as David, the guilt-ridden son, who is being crucified in the conflict between his mother and father. He is symbolic of a multitude of Negro youth who are raised in a matriarchy which subconsciously tends to channel active masculinity into feminine passivity. David's life roughly parallels Baldwin's, who was a minister at 14, quit the church at 17 and left home soon after that.

The sub-theme also reveals the desperation of the Negro who is born into a world of confusion and chaos. Luke tries desperately to maintain his manhood in a society which seems dedicated to his psychological castration. Margaret, of course, innoculates herself with the Holy Ghost, not in order to expand her awareness, but to isolate herself from pain. She becomes a petty, religious tyrant, confusing sex with sin and denouncing joy to expiate guilt, all in the name of God, Amen!

Veteran stage actress Maida Norman is royal as Margaret's loyal sister. Josie Dotson evokes pathos as a young mother who can't understand why God, in order to

make her bow her head, has put her two babies in the graveyard. A fine, lusty performance is turned in by academy award nominee Juanita Moore.

Almost walking away with the whole bit though, are Isabelle Sanford, a hypocritical spinster "whom no man has ever touched, thank you Jesus!" and Whitman Mayo, a spineless, comic elder of the church. Both are accomplished scene stealers.

The unpretentious but intricate set, costumes and lighting are the creation of Vantile Whitfield, and the music was directed by James Carmichael.

Rousing applause must go to producer-director Frank Silvera who resurrected the play from a ten year grave in Baldwin's trunk and directed it with skill and sensitivity. Baldwin wrote it in 1952. Silvera used *The Amen Corner* to launch what he calls his "theatre of being" at the Robertson Playhouse where he conducts an actor's workshop. Silvera explains:

"The Negro actor has never been allowed to play a Negro. I don't mean a stereotype, a pitiable person afflicted with color. I mean a real man. Being is what the Negro has been denied. To understand the profound beauty of Baldwin's writings is to understand the agony of a being who is not allowed to be. Every character in this play is a truth. What you are seeing is the Negro's bursting forth into being. He is finding his image and showing it to the world and to himself. This is the essence of

*The Amen Corner* has added another gem to Baldwin's already brilliant career. He now takes his place as an outstanding American playwright.

FRANK SILVERA'S PRODUCTION OF JAMES BALDWIN'S MASTERPIECE **THE AMEN CORNER**

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"EXCELLENT! SEARING, WORTHY OF BROADWAY" —SARFORD, L.A. TIMES

"DESTINED TO BECOME ONE OF THE YEAR'S MOST TALKED ABOUT" —BRONZE AMERICA

"A SUBSTANTIAL WORK . . . EXECUTED WITH AGRONY BY A GIFTED CAST AND STAGED WITH ARTISTRY BY PRODUCER-DIRECTOR FRANK SILVERA" —TUBE, PARIETY

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**WHY WE APPEAR** (Cont'd from Page 2)  
Finally, we must bring to the attention of our reader that this Free Press costs much money to produce. Even though our writers are presently donating their valuable time and the human response of other volunteers has been most

wonderful, yet it still takes hundreds of dollars each week to produce this newspaper—and there are no angels.

If this newspaper does not immediately gain the support of the community in regard to subscriptions and advertising we will very

quickly have to close up our venture. We don't expect you to like or agree with every article in this newspaper (there is not one staff member who "likes" or "agrees" with all the pieces in this issue) but we do hope that you sympathize.

(Cont'd Page 7)



DR. STRANGELOVE:

# It Wasn't Funny To Me

by RIDGELY CUMMINGS

A friend of mine who sells newspapers at the corner of Hollywood and Western saw "Dr. Strangelove; Or How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love The Bomb" three times before finally persuading my bride and me to go with him to the Hunley Theatre in his neighborhood to see it, the fourth time for him, the first for us.

We weren't eager to go, figuring we already knew the message, that the atom bomb is hell on wheels, with which we agreed, and being reluctant to see Peter Sellers, for this was after his heart attack. Films with dead actors in them are notoriously non-box-office and some of this attitude carried over with us relative to the Sellers heart trouble, which my bride was sure was blamable on the physiological demands put on the English actor by his recently acquired young wife.

However Leo Ross, the news vendor philosopher who was worried about a world dead from radioactive fallout, assured us we would find "Dr. Strangelove" comical as well as instructive. So we went.

It was a most uncomfortable experience.

It was about as funny as a creeping case of cancer.

Being a trifle naive, I did not get the idea of the opening sequence behind the credits, the two planes bobbing up and down, one refueling the other. I was so busy trying to decipher who wrote, directed and acted in the film that I failed to grasp the sexual significance of the hose from the fuel plane going into the receptacle of the other jet. Nor did I notice the receiving plane waving its wings up and down in ecstasy. This sequence, so my sophisticated friends assured me later, was alone worth the price of admission.

There were some good touches in the movie, like the signs at the military

camp saying the troops were really engaged in perpetuating peace. But a good bit of what was intended as satire was too close to reality to be funny.

It didn't strike me as humorous that some high-ranking airforce general might go off his rocker and decide to wage his own war on the Russians, or some Russian counterpart might also become paranoid. This is something that has worried thoughtful observers for a long time and is one of the main arguments for the test ban treaty.

As for the doomsday Machine set to blow up the world upon attack, this is so close to being a logical extension of the thinking of believers in massive retaliation that it was more realistic than funny.



The lascivious reaction of a girl-chasing general when he learns that a lucky few men and many beautiful women will be chosen to live underground until the radioactive fallout mitigates was amusing, especially when he stressed that since the men would be very busy perpetuating the race they therefore needed the kind of pulchritude that would whet dulled appetites. But taken in context it was more tragic than comic, especially for those who did not identify with the general but with the masses who had no interest in an ideological war but who were doomed to perish anyway.

Despite this carping I must admit that "Dr. Strangelove" was a memorable film, one worth seeing and one which took courage to make and even to exhibit. It had the courage to try to ridicule the stockpiling of A and H bombs for the over-kill, a policy which our government seems to have adopted without consulting those of us who are destined to be the victims of any miscalculation or some atomic accident.

## LOS ANGELES STATE HOSTS DRUG MEETING

Some of America's top narcotics experts will discuss everything from dangers of contraceptives to international drug problems during the Fifth Annual California Conference on Narcotics and Drug Abuse at California State College at Los Angeles August 4-14.

Dean F. Markham, Executive Director of the President's Advisory Commission on Narcotics and Drug Abuse will report August 4 on the final recommendations of that commission and on the recently concluded International Narcotics Conference in Geneva, Switzerland.

Dr. Jack Hallet, gynecologist with the Kaiser Foundation, and noted contraceptive expert Dr. Edward Tyler, speak August 5 on "Health Effects of Contraceptive Drugs." Special attention will be given to the controversial drug Enovid.

## WHY WE APPEAR

(Cont'd from Page 6)

thize enough with our general objectives to give this newspaper a chance to prove itself. Ten thousand subscribers can support The Free Press. A hundred or more subscribers each week until the larger goal is obtained can keep the printer paid. Won't you do your part by sending in your subscription today and asking your friends to do likewise?

## PRESS PARTY AUG. 9

We are planning a get-together for staff and writers on Sunday, August 9, 8 P.M. at the Fifth Estate Coffee House, 8226 Sunset Blvd., below which the Free Press has its offices. We would like to invite our reader supporters to come at this time and get to know the people actively involved in the newspaper. There will be no admission charge but we will probably pass the hat.

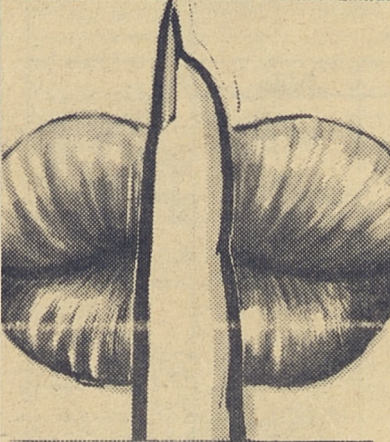
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# Inside Censorship

by SEYMOUR STERN

Most of the hundreds of film-buffs who are more or less regular patrons of the Cinema Theatre, at 1122 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, are fond of the theatre and hold its manager, Mike Getz, in high esteem. And all of us, I think, who attend the Cinema, particularly at the post-midnight Saturday shows, would be the poorer, cinematically and culturally, if this theatre did not exist or if it sabotaged its "no-holds-barred" policy and degenerated into a safely "respectable," conventional middle-class art-house. For this reason it is shocking to find the Cinema Theatre, of all places, even if through no fault of Manager Mike Getz, stooping, on at least occasions, to the kind of censorship or editorial tampering with film, and also to stifling of audience criticism that we would ordinarily associate with, and expect from, run-of-the-mill commercial movie-houses and the conservative art-houses.

When a film-classic is revived at the Cinema Theatre, it should either be shown there in its entirety, as originally made and exhibited, or not shown at all. Under no circumstances should it ever be censored, deleted or merely "edited" as with the June 6 showing of Don Siegel's controversial and important production, Invasion Of The Body Snatchers.

The film opens with the hero, in a police station, telling a psychiatrist and other listeners of a fantastic event that has befallen the inhabitants of a town in the nearby hills, from which he has just escaped. None of his listeners believes a word he says, so he relates the story from the beginning in detail. All the rest of the picture is a flash-back, until the hero's escape from the invaded village. Then the scene returns to the police-station where the group of listeners, horrified by what they have heard, are at last convinced and immediately take what they consider appropriate action.

This is not, however, what we saw on the night of June 6. Mr. John Fles, the film's promoter for this single showing, decided all by himself that the film would be "better" if it ended with the scenes of the hero's escape than with the scene in the police station. The happy inspiration led Mr. Fles to have the film stopped at the end of the escape scenes. Without permission and with no warning to Mike Getz, he had the house-lights turned on - and the show was over.

Fortunately, a sizeable number of the audience, including myself, had seen the film during original releases. There were bitter protests,

and outcries of "fraud," and "gyp." For the rest of the bewildered spectators, there was no way of judging whether the original ending was better or worse than the one edited by Mr. Fles.

Anybody who came to see Invasion Of The Body Snatchers for the first time could not leave the Cinema Theatre that night and say that he or she had seen it in its entirety. Judgement, I repeat, was impossible, since it had been made for us.

Maybe the escape scenes were, indeed, a better ending, but those not familiar with the film will never know. On the contrary, the effect on the audience was that both the scenarist and the director (Don Siegel) were incompetent because they seem to have forgotten the "frame" with which they opened the story.



If Mr. Fles insisted on inflicting his high qualifications and superior taste on a film of this calibre, the least he could have done, out of justice to its creators, would have been to remove the opening "frame" as well as the original ending, and simply shown the story proper - that is, the flashback.

As it was, the "editing" was crude, ignorant and stupid, and constituted an insolent attempt by a promoter and "flack" to predetermine what was and was not good for a new and presumably unconditioned audience to see.

This was all of a piece, too, with the intemperate outburst, over the theatre's loudspeaker, on the night of May 9, when Mr. Fles berated the audience for booing, hissing and stamping its feet at a draggy, dull, pretentious University of Michigan production, City of Gold, to which Mr. Fles, in all seriousness, referred to as "this sensitive film of life in our time," etc.

The arrogant attempt to stifle criticism (by the audience, no less!) was indicative of another and deep-lying malady: it proved that the exponents of the so-called "New American Cinema" can dish it out but can't take it. The Cinema Theatre, it is hoped, will henceforth certify a policy of freedom of criticism-and of film exhibition.

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# what's on around town

Thursday (July 30)

**DISCUSSION.** "Marital and interpersonal Marriage Relations." Emotional Health Center, 11606 San Vicente Blvd. (Free).

FRIDAY (July 31)

**THEATRE.** The Unvarnished Troupe, 2039 Sawtelle Blvd., perform their improvised "Absurd Theatre." (Donation)

SATURDAY (August 1)

**LECTURE.** "The Science of death and dying and Life after Death." Joseph Busley, Anderson Research Center, 301 St. Andrews Place, DU 2-0694.

SUNDAY (August 2)

**PLAY READING.** Apple House Gallery. "Dr. Knock" by Jules Romain.

**BOOK-TASTING TEA.** Francis Wright Humanists, 14742 Archwood St., Van Nuys. 5 P.M. "The Humor of Donald Ogden Stewart" ST 5-0186 for reservations.

**POTTERY TOUR.** The Potshop holds Sunday open house from noon to five. Visitors are given a tour of the facilities. 324 Sunset Ave., Venice.

**4-HAND PIANO.** Music Committee of First Unitarian Church of L.A. presents Lowndes Maury and Lona Van den Heuvel doing Mozart, Schubert, Ravel. \$2 at 4279 Farndale Ave., N. Hollywood, 4:30 P.M.

MONDAY (August 3)

**ART EXHIBIT.** opening of "The Magic Line", a group exhibit of drawings and prints by Southern California artists ranging from the contemporary traditional to the avant garde. L.A. Art Association Gallery, 825 North La Cienega Blvd. 8 to 10 P.M. Call Gallery for hours other days. Thru August 27.

TUESDAY (August 4)

**LECTURE.** "How to Enter the Creative Silence." Roy E. Davis, Hollywood Room, Knickerbocker Hotel, Hollywood. 8 P.M.

**NARCOTICS CONFERENCE.** California State College at L.A. is hosting the Fifth Annual Narcotics Conference. August 4-14. See story this issue.

WEDNESDAY (August 5)

**NARCOTICS CONFERENCE.** "Health Effects of Contraceptive Drugs." Special attention to Enovid. See August 4.

THURSDAY (August 6)

**DISCUSSION.** "Marital and interpersonal Marriage Relations." Emotional Health Center, 11606 San Vicente Blvd. (Free).

FRIDAY (August 7)

**LECTURE.** "Unfoldment of Social Abilities" Roy E. Davis, Hollywood Room, Knickerbocker Room, Hollywood. 8 P.M.

**THEATRE.** The Unvarnished Troupe. See July 31 for address.

SATURDAY (August 8)

**FILM.** Apple House Gallery. "Breathless". (Free).

**VIGIL FOR PEACE.** Memorial to victims of Hiroshima and South Viet Nam sponsored by many groups. 7:30 to 9 P.M. on Hollywood Blvd. from Eastern end of El Centro Ave. to the western end of Orange Drive (6500 block of Hollywood Blvd.)

SUNDAY (August 9)

**ADDRESS.** Mr. A.L. Wirin, attorney, American Civil Liberties Union, "Civil Disobedience and Law." First Unitarian Church, 2936 W. 8th.

**LECTURE.** "William James and Life After Death." Manley Hall, Philosophical Research Society, 3910 Los Feliz Blvd. 11 A.M.

TUESDAY (August 11)

**LECTURE AND DISCUSSION.** "Therapeutic Abortion"- Human Need vs. Tradition and Prejudice. Francis Wright Humanists, Van Nuys. ST. 5-0186 for reservations and directions.

**LUNCHEON-LECTURE.** Los Angeles World Affairs Council presents Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, Chief of Protocol of U.S. "Behind the Diplomatic Curtain." Biltmore Ballroom, noon. \$4.

THURSDAY (August 13)

**DISCUSSION.** "Parent-Child Relations. Teenagers welcome. 11606 San Vicente Blvd. Free.

## Calendar Locations

Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles.

UCLA, 405 Hilgard, West L.A.

Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont, L.A.

Apple House Gallery, North Fork Road, Three Rivers, 30 miles east of Visalia, Calif.

Otis Art Institute, 2401 Wilshire Blvd, L.A.

Municipal Art Gallery, Barnsdell Park, Vermont and Hollywood, L.A.

Henry E. Huntington Library & Art Gallery, 1151 Oxford Rd., San Marino.

Long Beach Museum of Art, 2300 East Ocean Blvd., Long Beach.

## CONTINUING EVENTS

**PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT.** "The Bitter Years 1935-1941." at the Los Angeles County Museum through Aug. 23 (Free).

**PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT.** Ansel Adams collection, "The Eloquent Light," at Long Beach Museum of Art through Aug. 8. (Free).

**ART EXHIBIT.** Apple House Gallery, Photo's by Marion Patterson, staff member of "Sunset" Magazine; Paintings and calligraphy by Wilder Bentley, faculty of S.F. State College. (Free).

**PAINTING EXHIBIT.** The Vernon Mona Lisa is on public exhibition at Otis Art Institute for the first time through Sunday. 50¢ for adults, 25¢ for children. Daily from noon to 6 P.M.

**ART EXHIBIT.** The nationally circulated Mead Travelling Exhibit is being shown at the Municipal Art Gallery through Sunday. (Free).

**ART FESTIVAL.** Laguna Beach 29th Annual Festival of Arts has several hundred works of art in oils, water color, sculpture, ceramics, photographs, handcraft and childrens paintings and drawings. Open daily noon to midnight, through August 16.

**PRINT EXHIBIT.** William Hogarth prints are being shown at the

**ART EXHIBIT.** The award winners of the Westwood Art Associations "Summer Exhibition" at the grand Ballroom of Student Union of UCLA. (Free).

**ART EXHIBIT.** The Annual Student Show of California State College at Long Beach is being shown in the Main and Little Galleries through the end of August. (Free).

**ART EXHIBIT.** Connor Everts, drawings and paintings; George Fraser Shank's, ceramics, at Scripps College, Language Art Building, 1:30 to 5 P.M. Free.

**ART EXHIBIT.** Oils and water colors by Francois Langlois at Woodbury College Auditorium, Thursday and Friday. Free.

**ART EXHIBIT.** "Sports in Art" at Los Feliz Jewish Community Center, 1119 Bates Ave., Thursday and Friday. Free.

Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery through Sept. (Free).

**DRAWINGS.** Invitational Show at Art Gallery of Valley Cities Jewish Community Center, 13164 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuys, through Aug. 20. Free.

**MUSIC.** Greek Theatre. Henry Mancini & The New Christy Minstrels, through August 1; John Strauss' operetta, "Wiener Blut" with leading operetta stars of the Vienna stage, Aug. 3 to 8. Information: NO 3-3936.

**MUSIC FESTIVAL.** The Southwestern Youth Music Festival will convene at Long Beach City College on August 14-17.

**THEATRE.** Theatre group of UCLA Extension presents Ionesco's "The Chairs" and "The Bald Soprano" July 31 through August 23. Schoenberg Hall. UCLA. Information 272-8911 Extension 3379.

**PAINTINGS AND POTTERY.** Westwood Art Association, 1539 1/2 Westwood Blvd., presents Maxine Geller and Raymond Koechlin through Saturday. Free.

A GLENN VILPPO DRAWING FROM "THE MAGIC LINE" OPENING AUGUST 3rd AT THE L. A. ART ASSOCIATION.



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CALENDAR OF LOS ANGELES CORE COMMITTEE AND GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETINGS FOR AUGUST 1964. All meetings are at 8 P.M. in the CORE Office unless otherwise noted.						Saturday
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	
Community Relations Seminar 1010 W. 21 St. 9 AM - 4 PM	Membership Committee		Employment Committee Education Com. Speakers Bur. 1010 W. 21 St.	GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING 4016 S. Central 8 PM	Student CORE 7 PM	Community Relations Seminar 9 AM-6 PM 1010 W. 21 St. Shish Kebab Dinner, Same Place (don. \$2)
Orientation III	Finance Comm.	Community Relations Committee 1010 W. 21 Housing & Legislative Action Comm	Action Comm. Education Com. Speakers Bur. 1010 W. 21	Executive Comm	Student CORE 7 PM	Police Malpractices Comm. 2 PM LA Area CORE Council 4 PM Special Leaflet Dist. Call CORE Office
March & Rally Against Prop. 13 in Pomona. Fremont Jr. High to Central Park 2 PM		Orientation III	Employment Comm. Education Com. Speakers Bur. 1010 W. 21 St.		General MEMBERSHIP MEETING 8501 S. San Pedro, 8 PM	So. Calif. Chap. Council Eakersfield
	Finance Comm.	Community Relations Comm. 1010 W. 21 St. Housing & Legislative Action Comm. Joint meeting	Action Comm. Education Com. Speakers Bur. 1010 W. 21 St.	Executive Committee	Orientation III Student CORE 7 P.M.	Police Malpractices Comm. 2 PM LA area CORE Council 4 PM
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"Californians against Proposition 13" are supporting a voters registration drive for which they need Deputy Registrars and workers. Those interested in aiding this effort are urged to gather at 8501 S. San Pedro St. each Saturday at ten A.M., Sunday at two P.M. and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at seven P.M. Classes held, for those who wish to become Deputy Registrars, at 808 N. Spring St., on August 4th, beginning at seven P.M., August 5th at one P.M. and August 7th at 9 P.M.